And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregorie*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.
Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.
Enter seruants with supper.
Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foot awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.
Enter one with water.
Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? shall I haue some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomack,
Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,

The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*
Enter Seruants seuerally.
Nat. Peter didst euer see the like.
Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.
Grumio. Where is he?
Enter Curtis a Seruant.
Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that she (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.
Enter Petruchio.
Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And till shee stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure,
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
As with the meat, some vndeserued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulster,
This way the Couerlet, another way the sheetes:
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,